

Still not tired of it?

The women decided that the computer and network wizzards of e-s would look into this virus thing some more. Maybe they could come up with some sort of protective shield. Or maybe even a shield that would bounce any detected virus and infect the sender. Since ricki was one of the women who knew lots about computers they decided to confer on the beach, so she could join in the conference.

Meanwhile the chief looked at the Maid again. She told her that she didn't look well and asked her to come to her hut so she could check her out. And maybe give her some herbs to help her recover.

The other women could see nothing wrong with the Maid, but the chief was the Wise Woman of the tribe so she probably knew best. She helped the Maid on her feet and guided her to her hut, keeping an arm around her protectively.

The remaining women started to make arrangements for a huge celebration. Wood was collected for a big bonfire, food was being prepared, huge pots of beer were being brewed. Everyone was very busy and having lots of fun in the mean time.

Suddenly the dust on the square started to swirl. There was a wind coming from the direction of the river. It was increasing rapidly, trees were bending their heads, garments were flapping in the wind, pots and plates were being blown across the square and even a little toddler was thrown on its back by its shear power. The women had to shout to make themselves heard through the noise. There was fear in their eyes, what was happening now? They looked at the sky but there were no clouds. The sun was still shining although it's light was filtered by the dust. Every woman covered her face against the sand. After some agonising minutes the wind seemed to settle down. The trees straightened themselves, leaves fluttered a bit but came to a rest. Women spat out the sand that they had eaten and wiped it from their brow. They looked at each other but were afraid to speak out their fears. Had this been another attack? They looked at the chief's hut for help and advice. But she didn't come out. Had she not noticed this brute force of nature?

There was a sudden noise coming from the forest. Startled and afraid the gathered women turned towards it. Clutching their children to protect them against possible intruders. To their immense relieve it was only one of the wizzards coming from the river. She looked drained.

'Sorry about that, loves,' she said. 'I just came to tell you not to worry. We were having a brainstorm down at the riverside. Maybe we'll have another one later on. Better cover the pots, we wouldn't like a sandy dinner tonight.' She smiled a tired smile and left the women in awe.

